



ISSUE

high

heels







...CONTENTS...







The Lure of the High-Heel Diary of a High-Heel Model

Torrid Torso

Pattern of Evil

COVER Peggy Evans-photographed by Lou Berrie

INSERT Princess Dollar - photographed







...PICTORIAL...



3

Kay Foster Drea Lea

Pg. 40 50

"HIGH-HEELS" is published monthly by Selbee Associates, Inc. 1697 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. All Rights Reserved Pres.: L. Burtman Secv.-Treas.: B. Himmel

Nothing may be re-printed in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher Refurn political manuscripts, projets, projets, artwork, etc. The Return postage must accompany all producted manuscripts, pictures, arthoris, etc., The publishers and addoors accept no responsibility for the return of unpolicitied materials of any kind, Any semilarity between people and places in Siction and semi fiction in this publication and early real posteds and places in surrivo co-incidental.



Carol Hilliard . . . Parisian showgirl who is on display nightly at Le Lido . . . France's top cabaret.



A collection of European beauties . . . which only goes to prove that beauty is wherever you can find it.

THE LURE OF THE HIGH HEEL

Every age in history has seen its own fada fancies with regards to items of stimulation. Several decides ago, the woman who wore her hair in a boyath hob was fairly worshaped addited admires. Later, the Cupid's Bow lips were considered quite the current rage. Waspustas with an hour glass figure in which the body was squeezed and knowled until it reached period thin proportions was likewise treated with the utmost devotion by men who marvelled at such marnificant finare training success.

More recently, an exaggerated bosom (no doubt a throwback to the infantile nursing instinct) provoked much stimulation among male admirers. Motion picture stars were assured increasing successes with the increasing proportions of their bosoms. Lees, too, have enjoyed their popularity. A neatly trimmed ankle, a pleasant calf muscle was an inspiration to a male to fight off competitors and vie for the privilege of drinking champagne out of the pretty girl's slipper. This brings us to the current national fad or craze or "crush"-namely that of the lure of the high beel. Where once a male was satisfied to gently remove a soft satin lined high heeled slipper from the foot of a pretty girl, and fill it with sparkling champages and drink it in full view, this lure has now gone all the way. The high heeled shoe or slipper has more purpose than its use as a champagne drinking utensil. It has become an object of devotion that borders on passionate worship.

The man who loves the high heeled dose is experiencing the same heilin as the man who screamed with joy when he caught the gatter toused into the audience by a slove-yed stript-touser. It was a symbol of passionate emotion and the man forever would pay respectful homotomic theorem when the support of the female, but as the boson, the last tooks, the soft throat, back and just about every part of the female person has served a symbolic interpretation of love—so does the high heeled show become a symbol of affection.

since recome a synucio or inection.

How is in possible than an inaumate object
can hold such fascination for a mar? It was
recome to be a such a such as the such as the such tions when a part of warring appared or anatomy
frequently displaces the so-culided normal parts
of emotional interest, namely the bosom, leps
cet. The high heeled slow is often of such electifying excitement that without this fetch form
of stimulation, for man is maskle to properly
function. Or, his lovermaking becomes inadequate
and lacks down fulfillment.

Sho and foot devotion has often been considred as important official custom. For example, or example, it is regarded mandatory for a lesserin Ethiops, it is regarded mandatory for a lesserfoldial to great this superior by Kaechilg on all fours and gently kining his shoes. It is a form of of obsequious acknowledgement. During the recent uprising in Ethiops, the world was pleasantly superiod to see photographs of high ranking officials down on all fours, kissing the shoes of teruturing Hallie Statisc. Newspapers enclained



that foot kissing and shoe worship was an accepted part of protocol. It was a symbol by which one man humbles himself before his superior.

one man bumbles binned I federe his superior. This same attitude is incalled in the present This same attitude is incalled in the present who becomes fascinated by the slender spikes, the fleat deceased vamp, the sendle the pump with the needle this light, bed is actually that the sendle the pump that the pump the pump that that of women. Today, wessen have become so exalled, so powerful that they have become un touchables. And just like the conquering Halfler queen an very predeath. They have become un touchables. And just like the conquering Halfler must kin this above as a humbling unmaner, so do most founder ergord the makes. They are un touchables and will greeiolay bermut the mate

The passive male (often called mascehistic) is the one who looks upon the shoe as a symbol of aggressive (or dominating) power. The passive male yearns to be dominated by a female, to be downtrodden, to acknowledge woman as his superior. This gives rise to exciting stimulations. The high heeled shoe becomes a symbol of aggression.





It signifies power. It indicates domination And as said earlier, the high heel is a symbol of power which has an appeal for the passive male. Originally, Nature had decreed that the male is aggressive while the female remains passive. But this situation has been reversed in the past few decades. Feminine equalization, women in business, industry, military and government have all tended to upset this balance of Nature. There is a swerving of these two emotions. Masculinization of women in clothes and fashion have made them more aggressive. They have to be more masculine in order to compete with men in the world of business and politics. Therefore, since Nature also says that opposites attract one another, it is somewhat instructive for males to become the opposite-namely, passive. This emotion requires that the male become dominated as a feeling of pleasurable stimulation. The high heeled shoe holds the power of domination.

needed since hoolds the power of domination.

Vogus Magazine once run an article called
Our Petticoat Government in which it explained
has the caused forming position has made the
made so possive. The illustration accompanying
ing facts showed a humble, passive made knotling facts showed a humble, passive made knotling facts showed a humble, passive made knotclarize, extending a shorter high heeled foor. The
man, obviously, is so attracted to the high beels,
that his entire emotion is contered around paying
devotion and loving cure to the show

Some time ago, Dr. Nettebaum reviewed a book by Gerhard Venzmer on New York in which he said "Men can be seen in the United States





Jean Windsor displays her "show-off undies" and especially her patent-leather pumps with full 6-inch heels.

knoeling before women putting on their overshoes and that it is not unknown for a husband to have his ear boxed by his wife in a public place. Here we can see how the feminine aggressiveness has been made public. That is how widespread it has become.

High best upon bedroom slippers are quite the current vegos. This indicates the attaction high both have since badroom slippers are worn under very mittable circumstances. A pysical situation consists of the passive male who is humbledoministic, redepted to a position slightly (surally, a great deal) bemuch that of the aggressive feams. He regards her with such was made considerable that the best was also seen to the content of the contract of by kissing the soft construction, by snuggling against the fluffy pink and white satin pom pom decorating the blue yamp, he experiences an electrifying emotion. His aggressive female has granted him this coveted pleasure. It is thrilling to be given such a privilege! In extreme situations, the heightening emotion is of a parallel as though she had become deshabille. The passive male now fondles the high heeled slipper. he holds it above him which signifies that the slipper becomes a symbol of being trodden upon. The passive male, by his masochistic nature, finds pleasurable stimulation in being down trodden. It is a form of humiliation that becomes most satisfying. The shoe can accomplish this symbolic interpretation more than any other item -except perhaps the naked foot. That is why the high heeled shoe holds fascination... the stiletto heel becomes a swift rapier, a dagger thrust at the vitals of the male, daring him to violate his status as that of passive malehood.

status as that of passive mathebood, doesn't the Why then, it is frequently saked, doesn't the male locean equally amount over a here food; the free as malegy must be drawn. The harm food, or the same properties of the same properties of the secretic There is no excitenears, no mystery, Winald become eagerly thirdle by the forbings, the mysterious, the covered! Who has not become sensously aroused at the sight of Adam and Eve in the Carbon of Eden, their privates so delicately, in the Carbon of Eden, their privates so delicately, painting of Adam, in the Vations, however, has hadded by a fig lar? Michaslangselps, coining painting of Adam, in the Vations, however, has

Apply the same emotion to a foot. Clad in a high heeled slipper, the foot becomes a mysterious weapon which threatens the passive male; and he glories in being so conquered. The foot, being clad, is secondary to the show which covers it. The privates of a museum portrait, being covered by a fix leaf are secondary to the lack which

acts as a shield.

Leather boots and high heeled leather shoes have another attraction, ... its leather! This item of wearing appared is like firm, hard skin! It is aggressive skin in that the passive nake must bend to its will. The passive mule who samggles against the leather high heel may setually be in the same emotional status as the woman who thrills at the powerful muscles of her made belowed and enjoys rubbing against these







He derive such excitement that he becomes a results with pleasurably potent semanticature of the semantic semantic semantic semantic semantic popular admirer of ferminise linguris. This isdividual becomes excited at likels, here ingeries, testign boose, likels or pink mesh thigh bengish hosiety which are secured by glittering garter maps. To touch he suit and here construction of a soft fleasurer becomes very exciting. In fact, the ferminise constructive very testign to the life ferminise constructive very testing the seming "testing" ineligence and nighties, not to meating such garters with the properties of the properties of the such garters where would be a lowering of the such garters where would be a lowering of

The same condition prevails in the man who loves high heeled shoes and slippers. He regards a period of foreplay with these shoes as being very necessary for stimulation and excitement. Those who make slurring remarks against such an interest need to be reminded that what is appending to one man is very an appending to another. Some men prefer bloads. Others remain staunch redilead fans. Still more refuse to be seen with any gelf a except furnities. Each standard of the contraction of the contraction of a serial of the contraction of the contraction of the sleek Partials myte hookery-and there are just as many who enjoy high heeled shoes and hoots.



- THE END-







HIGH-HEELS ON PARADE . . .







At home . . . at work . . . and at play, these lovelies all know that nothing beats ultra high-heels to catch the unsuspecting male.





Black lace lingerie, sheer black stockings and high-spike-heels . . . an unbeatable combination.







These shoes may not be the most comfortable to walk in, but the effect they have on all who behold them, more than makes up for the discomfort.





JONES

"The Park Avenue Playgirl"







from coast-to-coast paying homage to her beauty.





Libby is not only a super-special glamour girl, but a college-educated psychology lecturer as well,





DIARY OF A HIGH HEEL MODEL

THURSDAY, APRIL 27

DEAR DIARY:

After so many months of job hunting, imagine my delight when a photographer called and said he wanted me to do a series of special shots. I had no idea what was in store for me until I entered his photo studio and saw how he had set up special roma.

"This may startle you, at fairs," explained the photographer, "Mg elicite wants to issue a special castlag of 3rd lechtes—mamely sup wait gown, startle plant globe, but the transfere-you know, leather is the current rape and designers are out to doing themselved not ideas in new leather last meaning the startle parameters. Not only will you be modelling beather meanines and passite with leather laces at the manager and passite with leather laces at the leader high photo for you to put not." He hald out a small trition—a there propagel spear used in the days of the magnificrent Austrona—those lugar women who refused to be fuelded yman.

The photographer then told me that I was to dense so blane, Queen of the Huat, according to dense so blane, Queen of the Huat, according to ancient Greek mythology. It was so frightening, are entally it was. After all, my figure is near and trim and I never even fast the confines of a bonerished leather correct—it had chain tight leatherluces that squeesed my shoulder blades together be that I could hardly move my surm before ma. "It's going to be a real good pic," predicted the photographer.

With the aid of the wardrohe mistress, they prepared me for this unusual display of photos. First, the garish makeup had to be applied. This consisted of blood red paint upon my lips to give a vivid lipstick color. The effect was so realistic that my lips looked like raw and hruised tomatoes, just dripping with red coloring down my chin. Then my evehrows had to be speedily narrowed. With the use of tweezers, the hairs were plucked out. It sure did sting and I flinched time and again as the tweezers went to work gripping a bair, vanking it out. I felt as though hunches of needles were stuck into my forehead. Thank goodness it was soon over with. Then, a thin black line, more like a brand upon flesh, was applied over my eyes. It gave my face a surprised look. Vivid deep purplish hues were painted over the hollows of my cheeks to raise the cheekbones. The rest of my face and throat was covered with a shockingly white powder. When I examined myself in the mirror. I admit they did a good joh on me.

Oh, dearest diary, you must know how they did up my hair. They said that Diana aheays wore beer in a single heald effect. Did you ever hear of anything so unusual? Well, they ynaked hair until it was like a pony tail and then they did this single tail up in a heald. So that the beald would not come loose and spoil an expensive photo, they took a round metal disk, with a hole in the center, and stack my heald through the

hole. The disk was flat against the crown of my head. It sure hurt me when they pulled my hraid so hard that tears came to my eyes. But I dared not say anything for fear of losing this tressured assignment. You alone know, dear diary, how I had to pound the pavements for weeks and weeks before I got this hig break. And I'm not going to muff it new.

Well, then they told me to wear the leather corset. As I said before, my figure is not accustomed to a trainer but I would not admit this because it could cost me the job. Both the wardrobe mistress and photographer had to encase me in the leather corset. Oooh, it was the most unusual garment I'd ever seen. Imagine, dear diary, a leather corset constructed entirely of black kid leather! The ribs were made of very thick and not too-flexible bone ribs that felt like chain links as the corset was tightened around my flesh. My own ribs felt crushed as they were forced to give way to the powerful dynamic hone ribs sealed into the leather corset. Believe me, I felt sealed into a dungeon or tomb of the ancient Egypts from which there was no escape.

Egypte from which there was no escape.

My heart was pounding furiously. When they started lacing me up, the air was squeezed out of my hody so that I almost turned blue. When they started tightening the laces around the small of my back, my hips suddenly flared out as my waist was simultaneously squeezed in!

"A perfect hour glass figure—one that Diana would have loved to achieve!" cried the delighted wardrobe mistress. "Take a deep breath."

Was this a joke? I could scarcely breathe as it says everything turned basy and for a while I fought against swooning. Deer diary, do you think I'm courageous for struggling to remain on my feet? Maybe I am. Because no sooner had they sealed me into that very tight correct, they brought out the leather panties they had talked about. These were so skin tight, they fitted me

like a second skin. Dyed apple ref, the punise were made of a off califactin leaders, with tiny leader rikhous and hows decouring the crede and idse. There were several into all in just below the mid-section. When the punites were firm and the mid-section. When the punites were firm and through these tiny pills; that his two pills the paratise fitted me! I direct not ask for permission in it down. In fast, I wondered if I could been at the hips because the perfect beather construction of the paratise allowed no wirelds, folds of alldings. Nother and the pallow benoting and that the properties of the paratise allowed the pallow benoting and that I all the pallow benoting and that the pallow benoting and that I all the pallow benoting and that the pallow benoting and that I all the pallow benoting and that the pallow benoting and that I all the pallow benoting and that the pallow benoting and that I all the pallow benoting a second that the pallow benoting and that I all the pallow benoting a second that the pallow benoting and that I all the pallow benoting and that the pallow benoting and that the I all the pallow benoting the pallow benoting and that the I all the pallow benoting and that the pallow benoting a second that the pallow benoting the pallow benoting the pallow benoting the three pallows the pallow benoting the

to those worn by huntresses of ancient and even medieval times. Made of patent leather, it was so flexible to touch that it would not easily crack. The color? A strange mixture of midnight blue velvet. It glowed mysteriously. It was strangely embroidered with wild savage animals, with a deep pit in the center, like the old style animal traps of the woods or jungles. But instead of an animal trapped within the deep pit, there was a helpless man. Obviously, a hunter, his clothes were in shreds because of the fall, and he was much the worse for wear. And who was surrounding the pit, their spears poised for action? You guessed it-an army of Amazon warriors! Diary, if you could only have seen the exquisite embroidery. The faces of those magnificent women, their hodies as sleek and powerful as wild stallions, their strength was so terrifying that it is small wonder they could never be conquered by any mere males.

You can imagine, dear diary, my pleasure at wearing just a leather jerkin. The leg o' mutton sleeves were slashed to permit leather laces to tighten them around the armpits. (Quite a tight fit, almost slicing through the arm pits but Jiw would grin and bear it!) There was little room for the bosom, Laces also secured the jerkin just beneath the breasthone and around the waist line.
When I was firmly sealed into the jerkin, I was
so astonished at my appearance that for a moment I could imagine myself as Queen of The
Hunt.

Next came the magnificent leather hip boots. My foot squeezed into the unbelievably tiny space allotted for that yart of my body. My toose were fairly crushed within the narrow confines of the interior of the boot. As I started walking around I suddenly tilted forward. Fortunately, the photographer and wardrobe nisteres ecuply me. "Wow!" I gusped. It was difficult to breather because of the tight leather corest. "If guses I have to take it easy."

The wardrobe mistress explained, "The leather

They won't break. Other things will, but never those healt! And do you know the size of those healt? Exactly 14 inches! Yee, by wearing uncher healt? Exactly 14 inches! Yee, by wearing uncher healt? Exactly 14 inches! Yee, by wearing uncher with a slightly deping position. This gives me an agreeistic gait which photographs very well. Then matchatick heels are so this that I fairly feel like a contracting as I walk around. It took me quite a while to get used to them but I'm proud of that

boots have matchetick heels . . . but they're strong.

Now, dear diary, let me tell you about these various photos taken. The first had me in quite a dynamic pone—I was standing on a rock, overlooking a ledge. My hunting spear was aimed at—of all things—a man who had accidentally become caught in a hear trap. And how he did struggle and struggle to get free while I took careful aim.

When the picture was taken, the photographer said, "This is going to make you into an overnight sensation!"

The next picture showed me with an enormous fish net; actually, the net was woven of soft rayon in the form of chain links and it really did look realistic. And the picture shows the way I toss the chain net over a group of helpless invaders who came upon my island. My boots are dug deeps into the soft shore of a foam-flecked brach with the lapping waves just a few inches away.

Another photo was taken in which I was involved in quite a battle with both other Amazona as well as some men in Grecian garb. My triton is very active as I stab and pan some of the fallen victims to the ground.

victims to the ground.

Each photo complosions my leather outfit; with proper lighting, the leather is a to-ke a build-not dolking, injourney with my every movement. In some scenes, it's as though twee completely made in the completely and the completely of the co

SATURDAY, APRIL 29

EAR DIARY:

This early afternoon, a female designer called me. She wanted to design some new bathing suits. She said that I could stay over for dinner because this assignment would take many, many hours of this Saturday. Dear diary, I'm going to let you in on a secret that I wouldn't tell to my best friend. The designer had me put on loose fitting satins and silks that were shaped in the form of bathing suits. And how did she get them skin tight upon my body? Here's the secret-she took a small water hose and asked me to stand in the bathtub, wearing the loose clothing-and then she turned the hose right on myself! She drenched me, soaking me to the skin, wetting my hair until my beautiful golden locks were like shravelled up coil springs. She splashes the water (fortunately it is lukewarm) right onto my face, sook-

ing me from head to toe. As for my clothes, they hang on me like wrinkled rars-drenched, onzing with this fearny water, invading every curve of my body. But this is just the effect that the designer wants to achieve. Because she now pulls the wet clothes until they are tight and smooth. But it sure is a peculiar feeling to be so soaked to the skin. The designer laughed while she aimed the bose at me. saving, "It's uncomfortable, I know. But once you get used to it, you're going to love it. In fact, you'll really like it."

P.S.: There are times when I feel like getting drenched ... but whos going to do it to

TUESDAY, MAY 2 DWAR DEARY:

Here I am, in my bed, snug between my satin and silken sheets. Before I go to sleep, I just

must tell you of one unusual experience. A photographer said he wanted to exhibit a zany type of photograph for a contest. The pic that was the most unusual would win the contest and it meant more than money for him. The prestige was essential, he said. And you know how I posed for him?

I crouched down on my hands and knees. He then ripped my silken sheath gown down the buck, to my waist and parted the flaps. And all he did was draw long horizontal lines across my flesh, using special paint for the job. That's all! This peculiar makeup on my back. I just don't understand it. But I was to remain in this crouched position until he took the photo and it made me feel frightened. I was glad to leave. In fact, I was in such a hurry that I didn't even stop to remove this theatrical point. When I came home for a bath, was I surprised! The paint had become dampened and was running. Yee gooh! In the mirror, it looked like a series of welts...running from my shoulders all the way down. I could hardly wait to rub off such a grisly sight. Did the photographer win? I suppose so. But I wonder where he ever thought up such a peculiar stunt? Oh well, I'm sleepy now. This cornet is setting so comfy that I never take it off, not even for sleeping. Oh, didn't you know, diary? I fell in love with that leather corset and becred the photographer to let me keep it. It's smotheringly wonderful! Night!

-THE END-



Patricia Darling . . . shows off her exciting legs draped in sheer nylon and skyscraper heels.





Jenifer Jordan-redheaded and lovely. For more of Jen, see pages 24 thru 27.









Jenifer is a private secretary in Manhattan when she's not posing in front of the cameras. Her well-stacked 39-24-37 figure must be quite a distraction to her fellow workers, however.











JENNIE LEE

"The Bazoom Girl"





TORRID TORSO

by Eddie Van Norton

I NEVER resioned much to my job as a sports reporter on the "Louistown Star" until I made contact with luxdous Carolyn Marlyns, a blunde of atomic proportions, hotter than a fire-reader and ten times more explosive. Yes, I reckon contact is the right word for our acquaintance, seeing as bow I managed to bave plenty fun with that most expression.

Let's take it from the beginning, from that evening in the Sports Room. It is a helluva hot day in July and believe me brother, when it gets warm in our part of the States, it really frizzles you up. Anyway, the night staff have booked on the paper, and I'm earning my dough by sitting with my legs on my desk, drinking a bottle of coke. Pretty noon I'll get an assignment of some kind, but I couldn't care less: it's too hot to worry and I'm thinking just how pleasant it would be to take a nice trip out to the country with my latest conquest, Bunny Barton. Bunny designs swimming suits; she also fills them to perfection and on an evening like this we could have plenty fun out at Ponton Lake. She tells me that she's just designed a Bikini which rates as the smallest thing in the world, and she's keen to display it for my benefit. That sounds kinds cute to me. I recall that Ponton Lake is a mighty large expanse of water and it isn't difficult to be on your own. Yes, sir. the possibilities for an entertaining evening out at Pontop Lake are mighty fine. I . . .

Ross, the Sports Editor, breaks my chain of thought, the dirty dog. "Wake up, Mac," he

says, "and if I'm not worrying you too much maybe you would consent to get your big carcase

off that chair and come here provide."

"You wantin' me?" I says. Mighty quick
on the uptake, that's me. I shift my bottle of
coke from my left paw to my right, and I extract

a smoke from a pack in my left trousers pocket.

"For Jeepers sake," snorts Ross. "Look, you son of a ——, get your barn off that chair and propel yourself over here tout suite, which is French for bloody fast. Get me?"

I uncoil my does and so through the compil-

cated manoeuvres of standing up. I stroll across to Rossi's deak and lean over him. "So you've been to Paris, France, bud,"I say. "Now that's mighty interesting. Tell me, did you ever go to any of those cabaret floor-shows? I si true that the dames prance about in the ..."
"Never mind the dames," mans this super-

"Never mind the dames," snaps this superefficient collector-of sports news. "We've got more important things in hand."

"There ain's a more important thing to have

your hands around than a shemale," I crack.
"You must be getting old, boss. Maybe you want some of this glandular treatment. Put some pep into you."

That got a snigger from the other gays in the room. But Ross isn't amused, in fact there seems a strong chance that he will have a fit. "Any more old buck from you, Mac, and TU throw you outt the joint with my own hands. I've just about bad a bellyful of your visocracks. The paper could get along fine without you."

I realise that I've gone a bit too far, so I try a little soft soap. "Sorry, boss, I was only kiddin'. My sense of bumour sometimes gets kinda out of hand. What's the assignment you get for me?"

He looks a little less like a goy who would blue to slit my throat. "Oaky, well just watch but to slit my throat." Oaky, well just watch your step. Sports reporter are a dime a dozen." He looks down at a beter which showed the various assignments for the evening, and give a little groan. "It's a punk evening for sport. Kinda got to the dead season. And I want something which will really appeal to our readers, especially the males. Know anything about this fermale wrestling racket?"

fermale wrestling racket?"
"I've beard about it. Never been to one."
"Well your education is going to be improved to-night. Mulheimer, the guy who runs the Clarendon Hall, is staging a get together of these

Clarendon Hall, is staging a get together of these shemales. It's all a stuart, of course, but be reckons to draw plenty males along to get an eyeful. Take a camera with you and bring us back some good pictures with your stery. You know the kind of pics we want, plenty gal on display."

"I get it." I grin. "This kinda interests me. Female fighters. Focus on torso, only

"Okay, you one-track-minded galoot. Now, get cracking."

I get cracking. In something under fifteen

minutes, I grind my auto to a halt outside the Clarendon Hall. There's quite a mob of gays storming the entrance and it looks as if Mulheimer is on to a good thing. Big posters outside the hall dramatically display a picture of two well-

15 on to a good thing. Big posters outside the hall dramatically display a picture of two wellpacked dames getting to grips with one another. My Press ticket gets me a swell seat next to the ring. I make myself comfortable and then look around. The hall is packed. The small

fat guy next to me is equipped with a pair of binoculars. Seems he likes to see a lot for his dough.

A guy in evening dress climbs into the ring and

raises his hands for silence. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have here to-night unique entertainment. Twelve of the most skilled female wrestlers in the States will battle it out. The winner of the final will get five bundred dollars and a handsome gold cup. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. The first bout will start in a couple of minutes."

There is an excited bazz of conversation as he steps out of the ring. I look at my programme. Bout No. I is between Junior Jacksone of Kansas, and Bonnie Simpson of Chicago. Each bout would consist of three rounds lasting three minutes, and I am more than somewhat interested to note that it is "all-in fighting," with no holds barred.

The little gay beside me gives me a grin "They say these dams are real cuties and then some," he whispers. "By wife thinks I'm weeking overtime at the office." His grin changes to a leer. "A guy's gotta have his fun, hasn't he. The seat cost me thirty backs, but I reckon I'm in a swell position to see the fireworks."

I nod anishly. Then I switch my glance to the entrance from the drensing crossus. A redleaded table is making the contraction, which lends tall and the's pet specific strength of the lends tall and the's pet specific specific specific I and the rest of the lopy can see plenty well, for she's wearing a snappy paid of white slik sheets of the clinging variety—and they are short, brother. Her upper trons in prefet cute, likewise, and the white knitted shirt displays well-packed curves.

"Hi ya, Junior!" yells a guy in the crowd. This is Junior Jackson and she's okay by me and the rest of the guys, who come through with plenty applause.

She is soon followed by Bonnie Simpson Bonnie's a bubbling brunette, as curvy as a coke bottle. I think this is a plenty fine sport and I'm wondering why I haven't got wise to it before.

wondering why I haven't got wise to it before.

Pretty soon the babes are mixing it up in no
uncertain fashion and I get so excited that I
forcet to take any notes. Finally, lunfor is

declared the winner and that's okay by me.

The next two bouts are real thrill packed and
I manage to get some plenty good action pictures.

These will look good on the sports pages tomorrow I reckon, and could be our circulation
will rise in dramatic fashion.

I look again at my programme and see that

Bout No. 4 is between Carolyn Marlyne from Los Angeles, and Elsine Rydell of New York.

Los rangents, and rasum reyests of New York.

"Wow, just book at that dame "demands the little guy sitting next to me. I look and give with a gasp that says plenty for her charms.

During the evening, I've got kinda used to curvy shemales, but this babe now swaying towards the ring is a lulu and then some. This Carolyn Marlyne is the peach de-bux among peaches. She is blessed with a torso that curves and buless in all the places where curves and hubless in all the places where curves and buless in all the places where curves and buless in all the places where curves and buless in all the places where curves and buless.

should be.

I like curry blondes, there's omething about them that gets me. And this curviest of babes is really exciting. Selve warring a slock, tight-fitting black one-piece we'm suit that leaves little to the imagination. Shere black in sole, tight-fitting black one-piece we'm suit that leaves little to the imagination. Shere black nylon stockings rise high above her knees, and the high spike-heeled shees made be rook even taller. Every movement she makes is a symmetrical symplosyn. The stellar black modulated texantingly: the wind really spike the sheet high training large twinkle excitingly; the value of picking large twinkle excitingly; the value of picking large twinkle excitingly; the value of picking large between two magnificents.

Okay, so she's a super-duper shemale and then some. My lamps follow her every movement as she sways towards the ring. I am hypoxicud, curve drunk, this babe has knocked me out. I am sort of dumly aware that Cardyh has been joined by another dame, none other than Elaine Rydell. Elaine is quite a looker, but she stems kinda dowdy compared with the torrid torno of Cardyla.

Carolyn.

The two babes get to grips. Elaine butts

Carolyn in the turning and that seems to me to be a wicked way of treating such a perfect anatomy.

"Tear her in poces, Carolyn," I shout. "Give

the bable hell."

The bable hell is and gracefully kicks Elaine in the rear. It's a perfect piece of footmanship and Elaine sprawls on her face. Carolyn'i jumps on top of her and grys her firmly round the waist with her magnificently-proportioned thights.

"Atta gul, Carolyn," I applased. "You're

doing fine."

A second later, the subject of my admiration

grabs Elaine's head and proceeds to bang it energetically on the floor. I am plenty glad that I am not Elaine.

we Amidst terrific applause, Carolyn is declared the is. winner.

She is certainly a goer at this game and she proceeds with effortless case to reach the final, eliminating her other opponents with grace and distinction.

I am now hourse with all my vocal efforts, but I manage to give the babe plenty of encouragement. Not that the senses to need it, for she quickly disposes of Junior Jackson. Pazdemonium reigas in the hall as the blonde bombatedl receives the gold cups and the choque for five hundred bucks. I take plenty pictures, despite the fact that I am nearly squeezed to death by

the mob.
Okay, so I have my pics. Still, I have a yes
to make closer contact with the curvaceous
Marilyn. What about some pics of the wonder
girl in her dressing room? Sound idea. Could
be she'll come through with a good personal stery
as well.

I grab my camera and fight my way after the retreating Carolyn. She sways down a corridor and disappears inside a room. I am about to tap on the door and enter when my arm is grabbed by a tough-looking sink.

"No go, pal," he says. "My instructions is that no guys are to enter the babe's dressing room. Get going."

I feel like punching his face in. I feel like it, but I don't take action, for I want to live plenty longer. This is a situation which requires plenty tact. "Sure, sure," I say, "but this is kinds special. My paper wants to make a special feature of this Carolyn Martyne dame. She's

"No go, bud. Be on your way." This guy has a one-track mind. I drag out

tarrific "

my wallet and extract ten bucks. I look at the gink meaningly. His close-set lamps glint avariclosuly.

"Could be you might disappear for a few seconds. Then you wouldn't notice that I entered the room"

"Could be," says the valoo with a smile. He grabs the dough and turns his back.

I'm inside the babe's dressing room. In the excitement of the moment. I've foreotten to knock. That has introduced a kinda interesting situation, for Carolyn is standing in front of a mirror. What's interesting about that you

ing black swimsuit which now has reached the stage of covering up as far as her midriff, I gasp.

Carolyn gives a little cry of dismay and the swimsuit hastily shoots up. She turns on me furiously. "What's the idea

bustin' in on a lady when she's undressin'?" "I'm mighty sorry, sister. I quite forgot to knock. Say, I'm from the "Louistown Star"

and I want to give you plenty publicity. I've been watching you to-night and I think you're terrific. You sure can fight and you're the most attractive dame that has ever hit this town." Carolyn gives a little wriggle and the swim suit

slides over the thrusting mounds. Now she's smiling and I can see that my admiration by no means displeases her. Could be she also fancies

some free publicity. "Okay, but you appreciate that I've got to watch out. Guys are always trying to invade my dressing room and, believe me, their intentions

aren't always honourable." "I can appreciate that. No dame has a right to be so well packed."

Carolyn shrues ber shoulders and gives me an arch look. "Can I help it if nature has equipped

me with certain-er-charms?" At close quarters this babe is calculated to

raise the blood pressure to a dangerous state. "Well. Miss Marlyne, can you give me some done for a story for the paper?"

She tells me that she is twenty-two years old and that she tapes a whistling 38-23-36, which are plenty swell proportions, and I mean swell. For three years now she has been in this wrestling racket and she is getting kinda cheesed with it. She would like to get into show business and the big dough.

"You couldn't go wrong on the stage, or in

movies." I drool. "With a figure like yours. I reckon the movie boys would snap you up."

" Do you really think so ? " she says, " Brother, I'd do anything to get in movies. I did spend some weeks in Hollywood last year, trying to break into movies, but it was at a bad time. The movie moguls were economising at the time ask? Well, brother, she is taking off the clingand I had no breaks."

"Too bad. Maybe I can belp you. I've got contacts." It's a damned lie. I don't know a soul in the movie game, but I am out to impress this bundle of charms.

"You really can help me? You wonderful

To my delight and amazement, I find two soft arms around my neck. Carolyn has fused herself against me and that gives me no grief. My arms tlip round her waist.

" Sure, you just leave it to me."

Jeepers, her mouth is sinking into mine. We kiss and it's the sort that grows in intensity the further it is prolonged. Seconds pass ecstatically. My hand sets out on a voyage of tbrilling exploration above the trim waistline

And then, just as everything seems to be going fine and dandy, something like the kick of a mule hits me in the face. The adorable Carolyn has literally slapped me down. She slips out of my arms and gives me a wary

look. "Take it easy, brother, Just because I'm nice to you doesn't say that you can take liberties with me. Those bands of yours will get you into trouble."

I sigh regretfully. "Nice trouble. Okay, I'm sorry." "Apologies accepted. Don't get the idea that

I'm cheap. I like a good time but I don't go around sleeping with every guy who takes a liking to me, even if he can get me into movies. Tell me more about these contacts of yours."

I spin her a fine varn about a mythical brother of mine who is a talent scout for the movies. I say that he is coming to Louistown in a few days time and I shall break his neck if he doesn't do his damndest to get her a contract.

She is plenty pleased; she is overjoyed; she



says that she will stay in town until I produce the body of this said brother. I am thinking that she will have to stay around

for a helluva long time, hut I ain't grumhling over that.

We get down to taking some photos for the rag and I kinds find that fun, too. It means that I have to manoeuver the habe into glamorous poses. Every time I touch the torso I get a super thrill, and somehow this posing husiness takes a heck of a long time.

It's way near midnight hefore I get away from that dressing room. I've arranged to have unch with Carolyn the next day and I feel that she's more than somewhat keen on me. Before I kave, she gives me a sixtling kiss that sends me stawering out into the street.

The Sports Editor gives me a sour look when I hreeze back into the office. "Been a helluvatime. What you got?" I stick out my chest and heam. "A swell story and home pics that will make your peopers stand out. This dames all-in wrestling racket sure has its good points." Ross looks at the pics 1 spread on the table.

He actually grins, so making history. "See what you mean!" He points at Carolyn. "Who is this habe? She's got what it takes."

"Who is this hahe? She's got what it takes."
That's Carolyn Marlyne and she won the contest. She's got everything and it's all in the

right places. I got a special interview with her."
"Nice lipstick you're using these days,"
smirks Ross. "You sure got to grips with your
job. Okay, we'll run this dame hig. Write up
your story and let's have it as soon as possible."

I'm reading the story in the Scala Restaurant at lunchtime next day when Carolyn sways up to me. She looks good enough to eat, in a figure revealing cocktail dress. Male heads swing towards us and I feel kinda proud. Yes, sir, I have acquired something really terrific.

She gives me a ravishing smile and tells me that she is plenty pleased with the way the paper bas splashed her story. And she leaves me in no doubt that she thinks I'm rather nice to know.

During lunch I find it rather bard to concentrate on the chow, for a sleek nylon-clad leg is thrusting against mine. And when our hands accidentally on purpose make contact they seem to whiner

on purpose make co

After hunch, we go back to her hotel and I suggest that it might be rather interesting if she showed me some of her etchings, in her room. The idea doesn't seem to appeal to her. I reckon that's quite a pity for I'm more than somewhat.

interested in art.

That night I'm working on the paper again, and it kinda gets me down, for I feel that my time might be more profitably spent with the fair Carolyn. I tell Ross that I want the next evening off real bad. Got to see a man about a dog. He asks if it's a bitch, and I reckon I didn't fancy bit state in humour, but I eive with

a laugh and I get the time off.

I grab the 'phone and ring up Carolyn. "Hi
ya, honey, this is Mac speaking. Remember

A giggle reaches me over the wire. "Sure, the
guy with more feelers than an octorsas. What's

guy with more feelers than an octopus. What's on your mind, brother?"
"You, baby. I reckon you've sorta got inside me. I'm crazy about you. What you

doin' right now?"
"I'm in bed, just about to get some shuteye."
"I envy those sheets. Look what about you

"I envy those sheets. Look what about you and me going for a pernic to-morrow. I've got the day off specially and we can go out to Pontop Lake and cool off. How's that?"

"Well, I don't really know." she says. "I've

"Well, I don't really know," she says. "I've got one or two things to . . ." "Listen sister, you reckon you want to get

into movies. You be nice to me and I can be plenty useful to you."

"Okav. Mac, I'll expect you in the morning.

Goodnight honey—darling."

It's approaching noon when I bring my crate
to a halt outside her hotel. She runs down the

steps and I think that she is looking plenty cute. She is wearing a sleeveless trnitted shirt with very abbreviated white shorts, and tiny white asklets. I admire the thoroughbred care of anklets and calves, the trium waist, the split curves so admirably displayed by the shirt, in fact I admire the whole suresty torso. I tell be

fact I admire the whole superb torso. I tell her so and she seems pleased. We proceed with speed out of town and down the great trunk road that leads to Pontop Lake. Could be my mind is not altosether on my drivine.

and I can't help my arm snaking round her waist, which nearly makes the crate spin off the road. I find a nice quiet spoi in a secluded part of the lake. There's not a soul barring the two of us for miles around. We enjoy a smoke and then Cardyn turns to me. "What about a dip, Mac.

The water looks divine."
"Sure," I agree. "Let's cool off."

"I'll just go and change into my swim costume," she murmurs. She sways out of sight and I slip on a pair of swim trunks.

I'm looking at the wonderful scenery and thinking that life is just swell. It seems a darned sight better a minute later when Carolyn again hoves into sight. She has changed into a Rikini



which looks about the world's scantiest swimsuit.

I give with a wolf whistle. "You sure shape up well. It's a good thing you don't wear that outfit in the wrestling ring. It mightn't last the strain for long."

Carolyn laughs. "There's no woman or man

who can get the best of me at wrestling." " No? Well maybe this guy might teach you a thing or two."

She laughs. "Is that a challenge?" "Sure, what about it?"

" Okay, you've asked for it," she drawls, " but don't squeal if you get hurt."

She leaps at me and catches me off balance. I go down and she is all over me, pressing bard against me. She is a fighting wildcat and I can see that if I don't take quick action I shall get the worst of this contest. Onickly. I flin her over on her back and now I am on top. I capture her mouth in a furious clinging kiss that terminates in an ecstatic embrace. For a few seconds she struggles and then she is covering my face with the most ardent and passionate kisses.

It is two weeks later. I bave married Carolyn this very day and now we are in our bridal suite. She has given up her idea of going into movies and wrestling is a thing of the past. Well. wrestling with other females, that is, for we are just engaging in a rather interesting bout. There'll be no pics taken of this action, however, for this sports reporter is very much off duty.







KAY FOSTER





Kay is only nineteen years of age and loves American men.







In her native England, before coming to these shores, Kay danced in a chorus line. Her 35-22-35 measurements should take her right to the top in show-biz.



"PATTERN OF EVIL"

Here is one of the most exciting and controversial motion pictures to come along in a long time. The film features Meg Myles and is scheduled for release later this year.





Just two of the many thrilling scenes which feature the un-beatable combination of Meg Myles face—figure—and acting ability.





Pat Hamer plays a stripper in the film.

Meg's costumes all feature leather-tight and sexy.



picture . . . the costumes speak for themselves.



No . . . it's not a mirage. That's really Sabrina's own 41-19-36 figure enhanced by a wasp-waist corset.



"PATTERN OF EVIL" was shot entirely on location in New York City and introduces Sabrina to the American movie-going public.

With both Mig Myles (42-24-37) and Sabrina on the screen at the same time, we can't understand how the producers got by without using wide-screen Cinemascope.

The picture is also Meg's debut as a serious dramatic actress, and according to all reports, she is only GREAT!!!











Drea is a favorite Hollywood model and actress.



DREA LEA





Drea measures just 5'4" in her bare feet and tapes in at 35-24-35.

"TRANSVESTISM TODAY" By Dr. Edw. Pedoloky & Carlons Words Published and Copyrighted 1960 All rights reserved. 166 pp. mineling 21 full pages of photos and depresent

TABLE OF CONTENTS Meetical Science Ireks at the

Treescestion in Other Lands

What is Trans-Sexualiun? "Why I am a Transportin" Ougter

Chapter 11 "Are Corn-Grenners about at Sag?" Chouster 12. "Why I is Man. Mark Wear Drawer" 'My Husband is a Sopresection' EROTIC



"FROTIC SYMBOLISM"

By Dr. Edy. Pedalahy & Corbon Wade Published and Corumabina 1960. All rights reserved. 166 pp. meleding 10 fed years of shales and directors

TABLE OF CONTENTS Chester 1 What is fall-bund

Chapter 3 Cerrors, Tight Lesling and Balts Chapter 4, Lingeria, Funites and Manners

Chapter 5 5-86 Strebbugs Chapter & Jewsley, Exets Make-up, Setters Chapter 8 Gleven

INCLUDING CASE HISTORIES



M. I. MAGAZINE

P. O. Box 76, Cooper Station, New York 3, N. Y.

() For enclosed \$7.00 send FROTIC SYMOLISM

() For enclosed \$7.00 send TRANSVESTISM TODAY () For enclosed \$12.00 send BOTH BOOKS

(all prices are postpoid)

Name Address City

Zone

53



"MASQUE"

A publication drupted to BIZARRY FACE and PASHIONS Each Issue contains 64-pages packed with STORIES, ARTICLES. PHOTOGRAPHS and ORAWINGS . . . NOW AVAILABLE: Numbers 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 PRICE: \$2.00 per copy-postpead





A NEW and UNUSUAL publication devoted 64 parts-includers all NEW and ORIGINAL DRAWINGS and

and UNUSUAL . . . NOW AVAILABLE: Numbers 1 - 2 PRICE: \$2.00 per copy-postpeld





LIBBY JONES PUBLICATIONS 664 pages each) RRESPONDENCE FILE



by Libby Jeries from her PRICE: \$2.00 each-

"LA FEMME PERSONNIFIER" (French Female Impersonators)

An emaxing beek devoted to the art of FEMALE IMPERSONATION ... This 64 page publication contains many IMPERSONATORS rever before seen here. FRICD \$2.40--rostoud

M. I. MAGAZINE P.O. BOX 76, COOPER STATION NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

I enclose \$. Please send the items which I have checked

"Masque" () No. 1 () No. 2 () No. 3 () No. 4 "Connoisseur" () No. 1 () No. 2

() "Diary of a 1 "Satan's Sorority" Bizarre Model") "Masquerade "Foto-Rama") "Midnight Nurse" () "Portrait of Evil"

"Libby Jones" () "Correspondence File" () "Photo-Rama"

() "La Femme Personnifier"

READ OUR COMPANION PUBLICATION . . .

DIABOLIQUE

NUMBER ONE IS AT YOUR NEWSDEALER NOW!!!
GET YOUR COPY AND SEE . . .



